

P is for Pie

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Summary: RvB Slash, GrifDonut. Grif contemplates a pie and Donut forms a scheme...

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With help from Nicky-

Dedicated to Tallon-

and Nicky as well-

It tempted him. Its aroma spreading through the kitchen like it did back home, when his Mom would bake cookies. The chocolaty scent assaulted his nose, the creamy texture of the pudding-like filling only inches from his reach. He took a deep breath, taking in its scent once more. He groaned, leaning his head against the rickety table he sat at. He could taste it. The graham cracker crust, chocolaty pudding fill, topped with the most delectable whipped cream he had ever tasted. Donut's ever famous Chocolate Cream pie sat in the center of the table, glowing like an illustrious diamond. It was his diamond, a mere hand's length away...and he couldn't have it.

He sneered. _'It isn't part of my diet._ He thought angrily, glaring at the delicious dish that sat, taunting, before him. He once again let out a frustrated groan, opting to waste his time staring down a cooling pie as he balanced on two legs of his chair. Dexter Grif had tasted everything, from pastries and cakes to lasagna and roasted chicken. But by far, Donut's pie was his favorite. He was so caught up in his pie dreaming that he didn't hear the footsteps down the hall, gradually coming closer to the kitchen entryway. So caught up in hoping that someday he could taste it again that he didn't notice Donut walk up behind him. So caught up in the scents and tastes he pictured in his head that he screamed like a little girl and toppled over in his chair when Donut announced his presence with a lick on

the cheek. He rubbed the back of his bruised head and stared up at the grinning blonde that stood over him.

"Not thinking about eating that pie, are you?" He asked cheerfully, giving the grumpy private a toothy grin.

"No way..." He grumbled, standing up and setting his chair upright again. He eyed the pie again, almost letting out a pathetic whimper when he realized that he and the pie weren't meant to be. This time.

"Cause, it would be alright if you did." Donut continued, still grinning madly. Grif was reminded of the Cheshire cat from that one book his Mom read him. He quirked an eyebrow, not sure if he should fall for the bait.

"Really?" He asked cautiously, inching closer to the treat that stood waiting, "It's not in my diet plan, you know."

"I can make an exception." Came the reply. Grif was still a little unsure, so he decided to pry a bit further. The worst that was going to happen is he wouldn't get any pie. But to Grif, that was a pretty terrible thing to happen.

"At what price?" He asked, narrowing his eyes and watching Donut closely. The pink soldier put a finger to his chin in thought, his eyes wandering to the ceiling as he mulled over Grif's question.

"Weeeeell. There wasn't going to be a price, but now that you mention it..."

"Son of a bitch..." Grif muttered, smacking himself for being so stupid. Donut giggled girlishly and continued to smile broadly, bobbing up and down on the balls of his feet as he waited for Grif to make an offer. Grif pondered for a moment, trying to decide what the best plan of attack would be. His stomach growled at him and he realized he couldn't think straight without food. He sighed and turned to face Donut, throwing his hands up in the air dramatically.

"I don't know. What do you want?" He asked, his eyes pleading with Donut to just let him eat. Donut's grin only grew, his eyes now dancing with a fire of excitement.

"Why don't you come to my room and find out." He whispered, leaning close to Grif so only he could hear. Not like anyone else was in Red Base at the moment, but you could never be too careful. Grif stood there, staring blankly at Donut for a moment, his brain processing the statement.

"You mean...pie...and sex...in one day?" Grif asked, a smile that could rival Donut's forming on his face, "I knew I liked you for a reason!"

"Awww...and I thought it was my charming good looks and equally charming personality." Donut whined, pouting slightly.

"Don't forget the food!" Grif replied, grabbing Donut's hand and dragging him down the hall to their quarters. Donut couldn't help but

laugh.

Its Diet Plan Love

End
file.